

## DANVILLE DISTRICT.

DEMOCRATIC REJOICING OVER THE RESULTS OF TUESDAY'S ELECTION.

## BUDGET OF NEWS AND GOSSIP.

A Moonshiner Informed to Be Tried—

Judge Paul's Bankruptcy Arrangements—Fashionable Wedding—An Indignant Councilman—Personal.

DANVILLE, VA., November 12.—(Special.)—Democratic jubilation over the electoral victory in the Fifth District is co-existent with the general joy that has followed the splendid results throughout the State. If the good people of the Ninth and Tenth are proud of having repudiated Republicanism, Swanson's adherents are at least pleased to have removed this district from the doubtful column; for the 2,600 majority of the Democratic nominee, and especially the remarkable gains in the western counties, is taken to mean a permanent change of sentiment. The idea of Henry county giving a Democratic majority, and of Patrick remaining Republican by only 13 votes, can be compared in its effect on the mind of Democrats only with the announcement that Texas had elected a Republican Governor, or the Maine Legislature a Democratic Senator.

**NO CONTEST POSSIBLE.**  
Next to the joy of being elected, the primary gratification of the vote to Mr. Swanson will doubtless be that the proportions of his majority will preclude a contest on the part of his late rival—a novelty that will be all the more appreciated by Mr. Swanson in view of the fact that for four years of his service in the House he has been burdened with Republican congressional contents. Mr. Swanson's latest majority exceeds by 1,500 his majority at three previous elections.

**REVENUE CASES.**  
The semi-annual or fall term of the United States Court for the Western District of Virginia will commence here on Tuesday. A large docket, made up principally of cases of violations of the tariff and revenue laws, will keep the court in session nearly ten days. An interesting case, very much out of the ordinary, will be that of T. M. Dehart, of Floyd county, Dehart, who has been in the capacity of an informer, was indicted at the October term of Floyd court on charges of assault and carrying concealed weapons, which, Dehart alleges, grew out of his having reported and secured the destruction of the illicit distillery of one Thomas. Now, if a Floyd jury had a fair chance at this alleged spy on the manner of conduct of one of its flourishing citizens, it is not probable that the case would not immediately thereafter result in a moonshiner. None realized this fact more forcibly than Dehart, who recently applied for a writ of habeas corpus with a view to the removal of his case to the United States court. The writ was issued, and the merits of Dehart's petition will be argued before his Honor next week.

## BANKRUPTCY DISTRICTS.

Pursuant to the provisions of the bankruptcy act, Judge Paul has promulgated an order arranging the several districts and counties of this Federal Judicial District into territorial divisions and districts. There are four divisions—viz.: Harrisonburg Division, Lynchburg Division, Danville Division, and Abingdon Division. The divisions are subdivided into counties. The Harrisonburg Division includes the counties of Shenandoah, Rockingham, and Warren. The Lynchburg Division includes the counties of Albemarle, Loudoun, and Stafford. The Danville Division includes the counties of Shenandoah, Rockingham, and Warren. The Abingdon Division includes the counties of Shenandoah, Rockingham, and Warren.

The order further provides for the appointment of referees for each of the several districts. For the Eleventh District William D. Coleman, of this city, is appointed, and for the Twelfth Mr. L. S. Thomas, of Martinsville. Referees are appointed for two years, and must qualify by the discharge of their duties in thirty days.

## CITY COUNCIL.

Several notable changes in the personnel of the City Council have just occurred. At Tuesday's meeting Colonel James M. Neal, ex-postmaster, and Mr. B. H. Miller, ex-physician, were elected to fill vacancies, occasioned by the resignation of Messrs. W. T. Swann and D. J. Holcombe. At Tuesday's meeting, also, Mr. Charles L. Holland, President of the body until the night of the 10th, was elected to the office of Mayor. Mr. Holland had served in the office of Mayor for two years, and had been chosen for the third year. His successor will be John G. Covington, who was the unanimous choice of the members from his (the Third) ward. Colonel Neal was placed in nomination by a member from the First Ward and elected by a vote of seven to four. Mr. Holland immediately resigned, stating that he was not a candidate for the office. In his case was a discourtesy, and that further service in the body would be inconsistent with his self-respect. Mr. Holland had served in the office of Mayor for two years, and had been chosen for the third year. His successor will be John G. Covington, who was the unanimous choice of the members from his (the Third) ward.

## BUSINESS ASSOCIATIONS.

The Danville Tobacco Association have decided to act jointly in matters affecting the welfare of the community. This mutual agreement was brought about by a speech of State Senator Withers before the Tobacco Association, in which he urged the importance of the tobacco industry to the city. The association is seeking to extend its already large export tobacco trade. The ultimate effect of the big tobacco combines on the domestic business was alluded to by the speaker. He said that the tobacco industry was the backbone of the city, and that the association was seeking to extend its already large export tobacco trade. The ultimate effect of the big tobacco combines on the domestic business was alluded to by the speaker. He said that the tobacco industry was the backbone of the city, and that the association was seeking to extend its already large export tobacco trade.

## RELIGIOUS.

The Baptist General Association, in session at Lynchburg, is attended by a representative delegation from Danville. The Methodist Conference at Portsmouth next week, it is understood, will be attended by all the ministers of the denomination here and the lay delegates as well. This conference will make several changes, affecting Danville. Rev. J. O. Babcock, pastor of Cabell Street church, and Rev. J. C. Harry, of Floyd Street church, will very likely be succeeded by other ministers. This action will be in accordance with the wishes of the members of the church. In Mr. Babcock's case, his health does not permit of his serving a charge so

large and physically exacting as the Cabell Street congregation. A feature of the Epiphany work this winter will be a series of undenominational midweek Bible lectures by the Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, rector of the Church of the Epiphany.

## WEDDING.

The wedding of next week will be the marriage of Miss Mary Beulah Lee to Mr. James H. Slaughter, at the First Baptist church, on Wednesday at high noon. The bride-elect is admittedly one of the really beautiful young women of the city.

## THE HON. WILLIAM M. CABELL.

The Last Days of a Distinguished Lawyer—His Pathetic Death.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Within the last few days there has passed away one of the most brilliant men that Virginia ever produced—the Hon. William M. Cabell. His last appearance in public life was as a member of the Legislature from Buckingham county—the first Legislature after the war, under the restored government of Virginia—where he took rank with such men as John R. Baldwin, A. H. H. Stuart, and Judge Jones. Since that time he had held no public position, but had practiced his profession successfully in Buckingham and the surrounding counties. For the last ten or fifteen years his health had been bad, but with Spartan firmness he stuck to his profession, and no man ever knew William Cabell to fail to be ready when his case was called for, and when the case was over, no antagonist ever had cause for boasting. The writer of this, who began the practice of law in Buckingham in 1866, knew him personally from that time to the date of his death and long felt that he knew of no man of more brilliant reputation as a lawyer and public speaker.

Like many other really able men, he was a man of the strongest likes and dislikes. If he loved, he loved any one, his heart; whilst if he disliked any one, he kept it to himself. He was a man of great force, yet he was so kind and so gentle that he was the kindest man to young practitioners, and the fairest practitioner himself, both with friend and foe. He scorned to take any advantage of the inexperience, the ignorance, or the inadvertence of an antagonist, but when once that antagonist was fairly on his feet, he was a veritable Roderick Dhu of the bar, and the cause of his opponent was in a moment of peril.

He had the most perfect command of the English tongue of any man I have ever known. He had, in addition, the wonderful gift of selecting a few well-chosen words, infusing into them the double distilled essence of sarcasm and invective, and then hurling them at his opponent with all the power of a catapult. He was not his superior in this wonderful art.

Many of the lawyers and other citizens remember now speeches of his delivered years ago, and can repeat them verbatim. One occasion a friend said to him, "Mr. Cabell, I have not heard you say anything lately against Mr. A." (a man towards whom he entertained a strong dislike), and he quickly replied: "Well, sir, I have exhausted my vocabulary. I have said all that I could say. The truth was he had forgotten Mr. A., and forgotten the old friend. No kinder heart ever beat in human breast than his. He gave freely of his time and his power, and turned empty-handed from his door. His piercing dark eye, which in the heat of debate burned with the fire of genius, always beamed softly upon the plucked faces of poverty and the pitiful aspect of sorrow, and he will be long and most lovingly remembered by the poor and the orphan, the poor and the unfortunate. He was my life-long friend, and I loved him as such, but because he was my friend I do not mean to detract from his merits, or to ignore his weaknesses and his faults. In other words, he was human. Who of us has them not? His virtues I have faintly depicted. They were such as must win for any man a great name and a great name. He was warm, open, and generous, and his fellow-citizens at the bar were Sterling Claiborne, Willis P. Boock, Thomas S. Boock, Joseph K. Irving, Robert Coghill, and Robert Whitehead—the last of whom is still living in an honored old age, and a worthy of Virginia in her palmy days; and he was a match for any of them on any arena. The old lawyer died with the harness on, though largely over 70 years of age, and he was in the midst of his service to the city of Danville, and died suddenly in his room on the day the court adjourned, after having ably represented his clients in every case that he had. By his kindly invitation the writer spent the night before he was dead, and the night before the morning was taken by him in his carriage over to the court-house to hold his first term in that county, where he had begun the practice of the law as a young man, and he was proud of his service to the city of Danville, and died suddenly in his room on the day the court adjourned, after having ably represented his clients in every case that he had.

At the beginning of the civil war he was already a distinguished lawyer in full practice, and yet at the call of his State he entered the Confederate army as a private in the ranks, and of all his acts he was proudest of his service and spoke of it oftenest of it. On the day that court adjourned he did not come over to the court-house, having been hurt by a fall whilst going to his room in the darkness of the night. He was lying in his bed, the classic face but little marred by the ruthless hand of time, but bruised by the fall, distinctly outlined against the white pillow, his eyes closed, and he was not dim, but he was conversed with me sentimentally with his old-time fire. I rose, and shaking his hand for the last time, left him with his kindly words of commendation still falling on my ear as I closed the door, and in two hours thereafter he was dead, and he always said he wished to die as his father had died, and so he did—silently, quietly, suddenly, and apparently without a struggle. A friend informs the writer that when found one hand supported another, and the other hand was on his forehead, and he was looking at the ceiling with a single tear glistening upon the pallid cheek. Oh! that silent, inscrutable tear upon the face of the old man, who had died with no friendly hand near to wipe it away! What story would it tell if it could speak! The story, as it glimmers alone on the face of the dead, would tell of some romance hidden in the depths of those long gone years? There, as it rested on the cheek of three-score-and-ten, would it tell of some childhood sorrow—the memory of a mother long dead to him? Would it tell of repentance and blessed forgiveness in that last, lonely moment on earth? Who can say? And what would we not give to be able to read the story hidden in the crystal depths of that old man's eye? He married about twenty years ago a most winning and accomplished lady, Miss Mildred Eldridge, a daughter of the old Clerk Mr. Robert Eldridge, of Buckingham, and they were a devoted couple. She was not present to see his last moments, but one of his old Confederate comrades and friends was there in time to wipe away that last tear. Peace to his ashes.

## GEORGE J. HUNDLEY.

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## TIGERS DEFEAT YALE

A BITTERLY CONTESTED GAME, BUT UNSATISFACTORY.

THE SCORE SIX TO NOTHING.

Almost a Repetition of the Game at Cambridge on the 5th—Fumbling a Feature—Poe Makes a Brilliant Run.

PRINCETON, N. J., November 12.—The Princeton Tigers defeated the sons of old Eli on Brookfield Field this afternoon, by a score of 6 to 0. While it was one of the most bitterly contested games ever witnessed on a football field, it was also one of the most unsatisfactory, not alone to the Yale team and their supporters, but also to the wearers of the orange and black, and those who cheered them on to victory. The solitary touchdown was made on a miserable fumble by Right-Half-Back Benjamin, when the ball was within fifteen yards of Princeton's goal.

The ball had been carried down the field by the Yale team by sturdy plunges into the Princeton line, varied by an occasional run, until it lay between Princeton's 20 and 25-yard lines. The teams lined up, and De Saules signalled for Benjamin to go through left tackle, a position in Princeton's line which was awfully weak. The ball was passed. Benjamin dove into the mass of human flesh. A second later the ball was seen to roll clear of the bunch of players and advance a few feet toward Princeton's goal line.

A BRILLIANT RUN.  
Quick as a flash, little Poe, the Tigers' right end, had gathered up the pigskin, and was sprinting down the field, with Chamberlain, Stillman, and Benjamin in hot pursuit. The farther he ran the greater was his lead, until, in less than a minute it took to write it, he had planted the ball squarely between the posts of the much-coveted goal of Yale.

When Poe started on his 50-yard run up the field the scene which followed beggars description. The spectators, which surrounded the field was one surging, yelling mass of humanity in an instant. It was several minutes before the game could proceed, because of the manner in which the jubilant Tiger supporters crowded the field.

## LIKE CAMBRIDGE GAME.

To-day's game was almost a repetition of the game at Cambridge, last Saturday, between the University of Pennsylvania and Harvard. In the latter game the wearers of the red and blue gained almost three times as much distance on line-bucking as did their opponents, while Harvard scored on a fumble. The same can be said of to-day's contest. Yale would carry the ball down the field toward the Tigers' goal only to lose it on an expiring fumble.

The game was not what could be called brilliant, scientific football. At times both teams played a masterly game, but at other times many of the players seemed to have forgotten the rules of the game, and to have put to shame the football team of a preparatory school.

## THE INEVITABLE FUMBLE.

Before Benjamin's disastrous fumble, Yale's play had been fierce. After the touchdown the men grew more desperate. In every man there was that bull-dog determination to get that last yard, and many a hard-fought game for the wearers of the dark blue. Time and again they would rush the ball down the field toward the Tigers' goal, only to lose it on a fumble. On one occasion the ball was carried by the Princeton line to the line seventy-five yards, finally losing it on a fumble within twenty yards of the Princeton goal.

## PRINCETON ON THE DEFENSIVE.

Princeton was content to play on the defensive until about fifteen minutes before the game was called, and it looked as if they had been instructed on this point by their coaches.

For the Princeton team the bright, particular stars were Palmer, Poe, Edwards, Ayres, and Hildebrand, while Durston, Townsend, and Ely, and Coy did the best work for Yale.

## ATTENDANCE LARGE.

When the teams lined up, the attendance was about 15,000 with the adherents of Princeton naturally in the majority. There was no lack of Yale men and women, however, and they cheered up their voices in encouragement of their favorites whenever opportunity offered.

## OTHER GAMES.

Other football games played to-day resulted as follows:

Harvard, 17; Brown, 6.

Pennsylvania, 35; Carlisle, 5.

Chicago Athletic Association, 5; All-Star Eleven, 0.

University of Wisconsin, 0; University of Michigan, 12; University of Illinois, 5.

University of Cincinnati, 67; Ohio Wesleyan, 0.

Franklin and Marshall, 9; Bucknell, 11.

Lehigh, 6; Annapolis, 6.

## UNIVERSITY WON.

Wiped Vanderbilt Off the Gridiron at Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, KY., November 12.—(Special.)—By a score of 13 to 0 eleven student players from the University of Virginia wiped Vanderbilt University off the gridiron here this afternoon. The game was the most exciting and interesting played in the Falls City this season. Louisville University turned out in mass to witness the game, 2,000 persons, a majority of whom were Vanderbilt sympathizers, were on hand to see the Nashville Tigers go down in defeat before the terrible Turks from the Old Dominion. The teams lined up as follows:

Position. Weight.

Wills.....Left end.....145

Lloyd.....Left tackle.....168

Davis.....Left guard.....170

Templeman.....Centre.....220

Perce.....Right tackle.....172

Collier.....Right guard.....200

Summerville.....Right end.....158

Shibley.....Quarter-back.....160

Griffin.....Right half-back.....174

Coeke.....Left half-back.....169

Coleman.....Full-back.....158

Average weight, 168.

Vanderbilt.....Position. Weight.

Martin.....Left end.....175

Cragwell.....Left tackle.....172

Crutfield.....Left guard.....220

Brown.....Centre.....175

Sawell.....Right tackle.....172

Longhurst.....Right guard.....165

Summons.....Right end.....145

Conner.....Quarter-back.....145

Dye.....Right half-back.....160

Edgerton.....Left half-back.....160

Burke.....Full-back.....145

Average weight, 164.

Virginia won the toss and took the western goal. Templeman kicked off 25 yards. The ball was caught by Conner and returned 20 yards. Burke, for Vanderbilt, punted 20 yards. Collier caught it, and running behind his interference, gained 40 yards. Vanderbilt braced up, and held their opponents in their tracks. At the third down Collier caught the ball, after a "beauty" snap-back, and, dodging right and left, eluded Vanderbilt's tackles until he had gained 30 yards. Griffin, who was playing right half in place of Moore, was pushed over the line for a touchdown after twelve minutes of play. Templeman kicked a "beauty" goal. Virginia, 6; Vanderbilt, 0.

Conner, for Vanderbilt, kicked off 30 yards. The ball was caught by Collier and brought back 10 yards, and by Collier of mass-plays the ball was forced to the center of the field. It was here that Vanderbilt tried successfully a new trick play. The ball was passed to Burke, who pretended a kick. Dyer ran behind him, and getting the ball after a pass



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The author of "The Native Religions of Mexico and Peru." With an indication of the close similarity between some of the religious forms of early Asiatic and African barbarism, and those of the land of the Incas, he ventures the opinion that there is no relation probable between the fire or the sun-worship of the older continents and the new, but that certain religious beliefs are apt to occur at certain points in the development of a race without extraneous suggestion. To the worshipper of idols naturally succeeds the worship of some natural force. Fire becomes a deity only to give place in a natural order of succession to the sun, the source of heat. Last of all comes a conception of powers invisible, spiritual deities, to which the others become symbols.

If we accept the theory of autochthonous religions we will have no difficulty in perceiving that numerous details must be accounted for some natural force, and that legends, more or less crude, but bearing a strong family resemblance, will naturally take shape as suggested by natural phenomena or spiritual experience. Account for them as we may, the persistence of popular myths can never cease to be an interesting subject to any student of literature. At some point in its history, whether guided by suggestion from without or through the unaided action of the imagination, almost every tribe of men has arrived soon or late at a belief in the reanimation of those who have been removed from the scene of earthly activity. These inspirations are crystallized in legends which agree in essentials as markedly as they differ in details.

Of course, Rip Van Winkle will at once suggest itself to many readers as a modern and humorous outgrowth of older and more serious fables. There is an old Danish tradition of a wedding from which the bride strayed off to an elf-world, where the elves thronged about her and offered her wine, of which she drank. The result of this indiscretion on her part was a slumber, which lasted for a century. On awakening she found her way back to the house which she had left, as she supposed, but a little while before, but there was only one old woman there who at last recollected that in her father's time his brother's bride had disappeared upon her wedding day.

With a change of sex and place this is the story of the Kautskil hunter.

The seven sleepers is a variant of the same popular tale, but a more heroic and strangely persistent version is that of the warrior who waits in his cave under ground for a call of extreme peril to his country. So the Moors believe that Boabdil waited, surrounded by his warriors, keeping vigil till the spell which bound him was broken. At rare intervals he was seen clad in complete armor of his race and time, sitting in his watchful and silent.

So in the fastnesses of the Harz mountains, another patriot warrior bides his time; so in the Northland, of which Hans Andersen loved to write, the blond-haired hero sits in his cavern, at a stone table, through which his beard has grown. Far removed, one would say, from the influence of the Moor or even the super-

The twelve wild geese that are twelve enchanted princes, the little sister who weaves twelve magic spells, the country of the young, for age and death have not found it, neither tears nor soul laughter have gone near it. The shadest of bosage covers it perpetually. One man has gone there and has returned. The old Olson, who wandered away a white horse. \* \* \* Lived there a hundred years, and then returned, looking for his comrades.

Here we return to the irrepressible idea of a suspension of life for a long time, during which the absence is existing amidst supernatural surroundings. The whole lot of fairy abductions belongs to this class.

To say that Tir-na-nog must have sprung from the same fountain as the Island of Bimini—the land of perpetual youth—or the islands of the ages, is to make a statement for which we have no warrant. It is not difficult to believe that as all poets and minstrels in all times and all ages of the world have agreed in picturing a land where people do not grow old, and where death does not come, and where the sun never sets, that the Norse have a universal cry of the human heart, which protests against being sponged from life's slate in a moment.

It has been claimed that many of our common nursery rhymes are decadent forms of legends that had their rise in natural religions. A curious writer affirms that in Norseland "the girls dance in a circle, and usually face the centre and move to the left, which is sun-wise." The May-pole is also cited as a survival of the rites of old sun-worshippers. If we look at it in nursery rhymes, we find at last we have found something leading away from the main travelled roads—till, halt! we are overtaken by our venerable chaperone, Mother Goose, and presently we are holding the dear old lady's hand, and quite willing to believe that when she tells us that there is nothing new under the sun.

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